

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS!

Bishop Whitaker's Efforts
and Success.Reno's Great Female Semi-
nary and Hopes for
the Future.Commencement Exercises—Closing
of the Tenth Year—Musical
Department—Various
Notes.

Bishop Whitaker's School for Girls has now been in successful operation for ten years. It has attained a wide reputation for the wisdom of its management and the thoroughness of its work. From the start it has been characterized by the paternal nature of its government, and its social training in womanly qualities. While diligent attention has been given to that part of education which can be attained from books, still greater stress has been laid upon the formation of an upright, pure character. Its influence is felt in hundreds of homes, and it has become one of the most important factors in determining the future character of Nevada.

During these years Bishop Whitaker has given to the school a large portion of his time and strength, and the benefit of years of previous experience in teaching and the management of schools.

But this institution, to which the people of this State owe so much, could not have been founded but for the generous gift of Miss Catharine L. Wolfe, of New York, a noble Christian woman, whose liberal endowments have aided many similar undertakings, and whose benefactions have been widely bestowed for the furtherance of education and religion, not only throughout the United States, but in foreign lands.

In 1875, Miss Wolfe offered to give ten thousand dollars for establishing a School for Girls in Nevada, provided the Bishop would raise an equal amount. In considering the most desirable place for the location of the school, there seemed to be no question that Reno offered the greatest advantages. It was the most easily reached, its climate was healthful, its future growth and permanence were certain, and there was, moreover, an earnest desire on the part of the people to have the school located here.

This desire found practical expression in the giving, by individual subscriptions, four thousand dollars in money, and the offering of several desirable sites for the erection of buildings.

Mr. Hatch offered a part of his improved grounds, Mr. Lake offered fifteen acres if the school was located on his property, Gen. Evans, with his brothers, offered the site which the State University now occupies, Mr. Lake offered land on the bluff south of the river, and the Central Pacific Company offered half a block, to be selected from their lands in Reno.

At a public meeting held in May, 1876, a committee of citizens was elected to serve as a Council of Advice to the Bishop in selecting a site. The committee consisted of Messrs C. T. Bender, B. F. Loets, W. R. Chamberlain, A. J. Hatch and A. H. Manning, visited the places that had been offered and, unanimously decided that the block upon which the school now stands was, taking all things into consideration, the most suitable for the use desired, assurance being given that if this site should be taken the other half of the block would be donated.

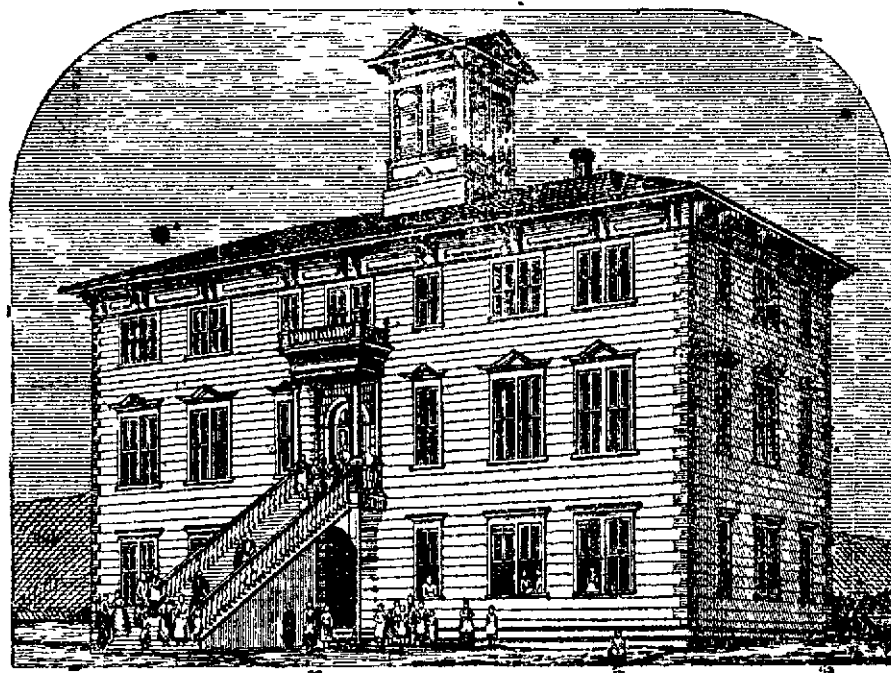
There were some who thought that the place chosen was too far from town and indeed it might well seem so. There were then but a very few houses in the space between the school block and the railroad. The walk from the depot to the school was nearly half the way through sage-brush, and north and west an unbroken waste of sage as far as the eye could see. Now the space in front is occupied with neat dwellings, and the sage-brush on the west and north has given way to waving fields of wheat and grass. In the meantime, by diligent solicitation, the Bishop had raised the six thousand dollars needed in addition to the four thousand given by the citizens of Reno, to secure Miss Wolfe's gift, and in June the erection of the school building was begun. It was prosecuted vigorously, and on the 12th of October the first session of the school began with fifty pupils and five teachers, Miss Kate A. Still being the Principal. Since that time there have been changes in teachers, and a varying attendance of pupils. But the system of management which Miss Still inaugurated, and the high ideal which she set before all who came in contact with her, have been present as a power in the life and worth of the school. At the end of the second year she returned to her home in the East, but after a year's absence she resumed her position and continued in the efficient performance of her duties until

she died in November, 1880, loved and honored by all who knew her. The following season an exquisite stained glass window was placed in the school room in memory of her, which serves not only to make the place more beautiful, but as a perpetual reminder of a consecrated Christian life. Her place has since been successfully filled by Miss C. H. Sanford and Miss Annie M. Reed, each of whom possessed admirable qualifications for the position, and it is now occupied by Miss Amy Pease, who combines in a large degree the best qualities of those who preceded her. But to no one who has been connected with the school is it more indebted than to Miss Eva Quaffie, who from its beginning has been at the head of the Department of Music. It is to her rare ability as a teacher, her skill in music, and her hearty devotion to the school that the great success of this department is due. There are few schools, East or West, where the standard of musical attainment is so high, and where the work done is so satisfactory.

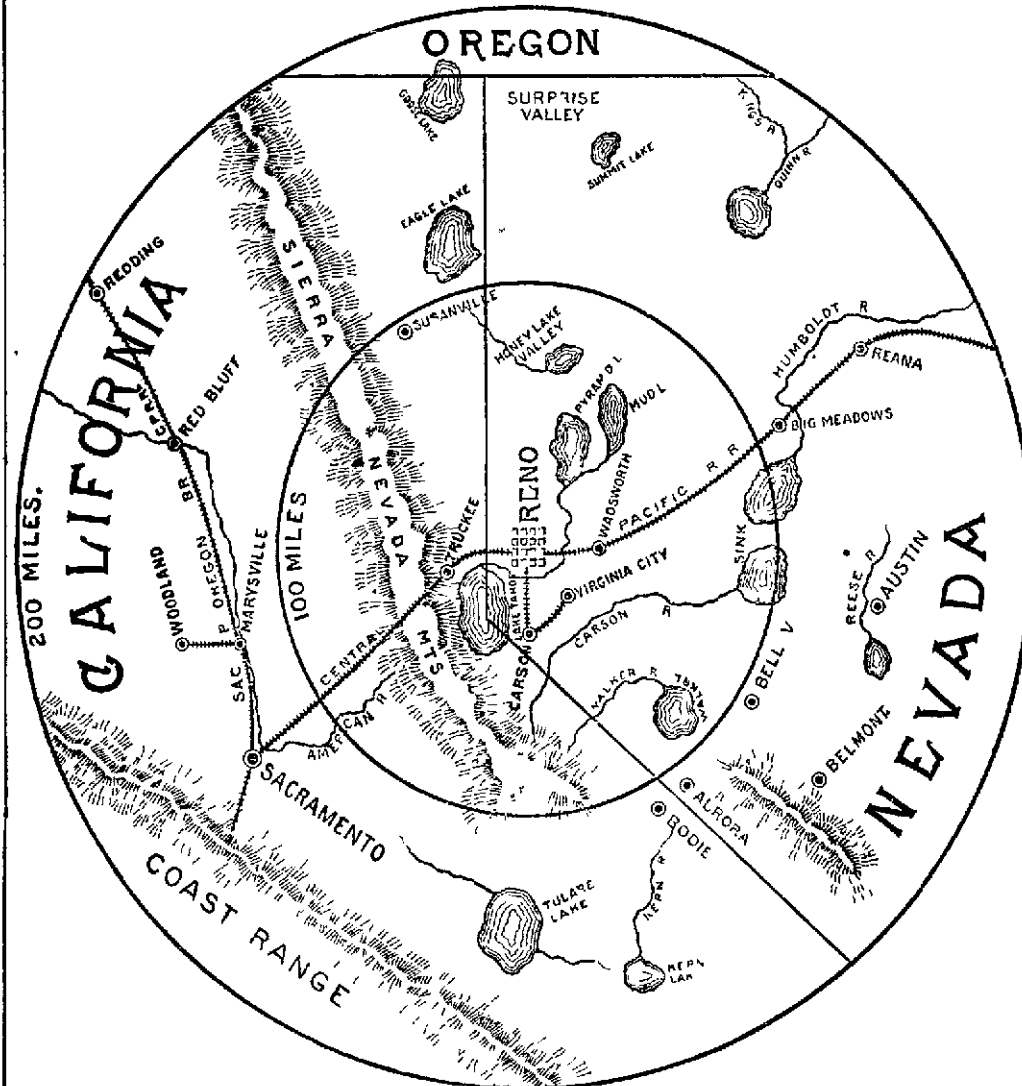
The school building erected in 1876 was designed to accommodate forty boarders and five teachers. It is 40x83, three stories in height, well arranged, heated with steam and supplied with hot and cold water. The carpenters' contract was for \$13,500, mason work, \$1,500, painting, \$1,550, plumbing and steam fitting, \$3,450, so that the \$20,000 raised was all expended in the erection of the building. To furnish and equip the house for use required a further outlay of \$8,500, and the school was opened with this amount of indebtedness. With the low rate of charges established the income of the school is but little more than sufficient to meet the current expense, and some years it has fallen short of this. It was necessary therefore to obtain the amount needed to liquidate the debt, from other sources. As the JOURNAL said eight years ago, "the Bishop will wrestle with this debt until he gets rid of it, but how much better it would be if some of the rich men of the coast would come forward and at once relieve him of it." But with the exception of Daniel Cook, who gave \$1,000, the rich men did not come forward with any large subscriptions, and the Bishop was obliged to raise the greater part of the money among his friends in the East. Miss Wolfe gave him aid again, and other friends of Christian education contributed and three years ago the debt was extinguished. Since that time extensive improvements and additions have been made, the greater part of the cost of which has been met by the Bishop's friends at the East. In 1884 the steam house was lengthened twelve feet and another story added, furnishing a well lighted studio and recitation room for the smaller girls. In 1885 a new building 24x30, two stories in height, was erected forty feet northeast of the main building, which gives much needed recreation rooms, besides accommodating four teachers and seven girls. The architect and builder of the new house was George E. Holesworth, the plumbing being done by Jacques, the mason work by Mr. Burke, and the painting by F. C. Updike. The school now has room for fifty boarders and eight teachers, and during the past year all these places have been occupied. During the first five years of the school the average number of boarders and day scholars in attendance was fifty-five. During the last five years it has been sixty-seven.

To the visitor the greatest apparent improvement has been in the appearance of the grounds surrounding the school. These comprise about seven acres, all of which ten years ago were covered with sagebrush. From 1876 to 1881 but little could be done to improve the grounds for the want of water, the only available supply being the Orr ditch, from which water was pumped for house purposes by a steam pump. But since the completion of the Highland ditch and the construction of the new reservoir, the water supply has been abundant, and a wonderful transformation has taken place. The grounds have been laid out with pleasant walks, the buildings are surrounded with beautiful flower gardens, more than five hundred trees have been planted, a fine orchard has been set out with eighty fruit trees, one-half the block is covered with grass, and the lawns in front rival in neatness and beauty those of Oakland. The place has become beautiful and as time goes on the natural growth of the trees and foliage will rapidly increase its beauty and attractiveness from year to year.

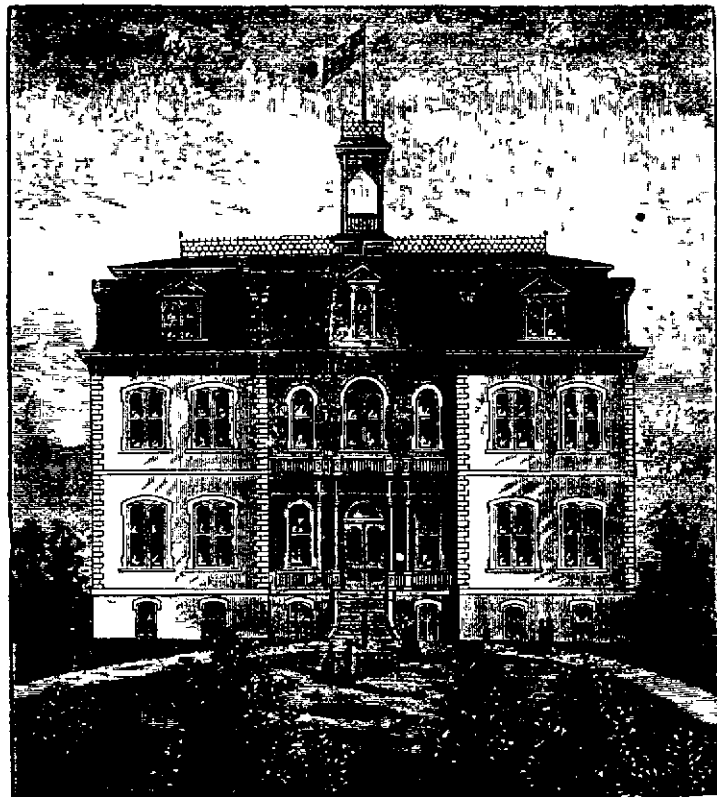
The school has a small but valuable cabinet of minerals and a library of about four hundred volumes, to which additions are constantly being made, and which already requires more room. There is need of philosophical and chemical apparatus, but there is a prospect of this being supplied during the coming year. Continuous improvement has been the order of the school from the beginning. The aim of the management has been to secure the best teachers, to employ the best methods, to maintain a gentle but firm discipline, to train the pupils in habits of industry



BISHOP WHITAKER'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, RENO, NEVADA



RENO'S GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION.



NEVADA STATE UNIVERSITY, RENO.

try and meanness and to surround them with all the influences of a refined and happy home. The result has been apparent in the lives and conduct of the girls who have been connected with it. As the home and its surroundings have grown more beautiful from year to year, the standard of scholarship has grown higher, and the general character of the school has been marked by constant advancement. Bishop Whitaker's School for Girls is an institution of which every citizen of Nevada may well be proud, and there is every reason for congratulation that we have within our own State a school which furnishes every advantage for acquiring a thorough education which can be found in any sister State.

SALUTATORY—BY ELIZABETH

The Essays of the Graduates June Gertrude Shoemaker, Carrie Adella Dinsdale, Ella May Pullman, Laura Emily Staehel, Nellie Louise Leaburgh, Mary Franklin, Isabel Stevens Harris, and Abby Edwina Masou.

SALUTATORY—BY ELIZABETH
COVILERS

Dear friends, and honored guests, we give you most heartfelt welcome in the name of all connected with our school home.

We thank you for the kindly sympathy that prompts your presence. And we greet each cordially, whether the face be new or old. And with peculiar pleasure do we recognize to-day the graduates of previous years. We keep your "memory green" within our hearts as your mottoes hang in perennial freshness on our walls.

In days of old the baronial halls were adorned with the shields and devices of those who had done honorable battle, who had gained distinction in knightly contest. On our walls we place the emblems of peace and trophies of the bloodless victory of thought. Not less inspiring are they to us than were the ancient tokens of field and tournament. Not less are we incited to fresh endeavors in our scene of action.

As I lift my eyes they fall upon the watchword of the Class of '81, "Tis coronat opus"—results prove attainments.

As in the olden days, each new device or trophy gave added beauty to the warrior's shield and proved his strength anew, so now each result added to the list of life's victories prove new qualities of mind and character.

"Non ministrari sed ministrare"—not to be ministered unto, but to minister—are the words inscribed by the Class of '82, teaching the blessed truth to all who come after them, that giving is more blessed than receiving. As the light of old laid down his life for his weaker brethren, so low life is not too precious to give in the service of others.

And now we read the beautiful and suggestive motto of '84, "A posse ad esse"—words which stir the heart, that strengthen the spirit, giving it courage to bend on its armor and press forward in the conflict of life. As the bruised shield and bent spear that burg on ancestral walls spurred men to action, so these bid us strive to pass from the possible to the actual, from thought to deed.

"Auxilium ab alto"—the device of '85 utters its voice of warning that all action is in vain unless aided by Divine strength, for to God alone are all things possible. Thus each gives its inspiration. Again to all, we extend a hearty welcome to the joys of to-day, especially to those joys peculiar to the class of '86. The day is indeed filled with the happiness of girlhood, and we delight in its beauty, knowing that it is fleeting and evanescent, soon to give place to those deeper joys, and possibly sorrows, that come with womanhood. Like "August Cobwebs" fairy like and glistening in the dawn, but vanishing in the full light of day, so will the dreams and visions of the present yield to the realities of the future.

"AUGUST COBWEBS"

How faint rose tints the mystic line
Where heaven meets with earth
Scarce has the watch star ceased to shine
Foretelling the day's birth.

Translucent from shade and light
A limbo grace is drawn
The dewy freshness of the night
Blends with the flush of dawn.

In soft half lights the meadow lies,
Wreathed in its white mist veil
And perfumes sweet the incense rose
From blossoms fair and frail.

A beam of light like prince of old
Has toiled each steppling horse
And wakes it with a tale old told—
There's magic in the hour!

The king cap waves in grassy shade
And lifts the veil of gold
The daisy lilies as if afraid
To leave its crown behind.

And dandelion flares in all there
Above the daisy heads
And gaily toss into the air
Their feathery white tipped heads.

But as read o'er all in willowing, meadow
Tangled and turned and crossed
The silvery webs of gossamer here
Life-ropes of fairy lore.

And as I look they gaze on me
As gems on silver strings
There sparkle drops of dew instead
By dark haired night there hang.

O'er all the earth a charm is thrown
Like wither magic spell
The twilight light down has grown
True charm it worketh well.

But when the brilliant gold of day
Dawns in the eastern sky,
When on the dew there falls his ray
Each sparkling drop will fly.

The gossamer too will melt away
For only with the light
That half illumined by coming day
Is it revealed to sight.

And as I look a vision sweet—
A maiden young and fair
Treads o'er the meadow with light feet
The loveliest image there.

She seems the spirit of the morn
For in her flower like face
A childhood sweetness there is born
A woman's tender grace.

Her clear voice carols hopeful lays
Of coming joys untold,
The blessing that the future days
Hold ready to unfold.

And now she stands beside the spring,
And in its depths is shown
Enhanced by each encircling ring
The beauty of her own.

Her life is like a gladness, more,
Hopeful and full of joy
For visions sweet her path adorn
Untouched by Time's alloy.

And will they like the dew drops fade
In the full light of day?
And all these dreams in gilded mists,
Like gossamer steel away?

What if the future only hold
Realities stern and gray?
What if the morning's rose and gold
Precede a cloudy day?

We veil the fairest dream of youth
In cloud mist half concealed
We seek the broader deeper truth
By day's clear light revealed.

UNKNOWN QUANTITIES—A CLASS PROPH-
ECY

Mary Franklin

Who knows the destiny of any human life? Man's future is necessarily uncertain, for in making an estimate of character one must take into account its possibilities, tendencies and capacities, as well as its actual attainments. Our friends form their estimate of us by what we are capable of doing, while the world estimates us only by what we have already done. Ideal character may never be attained for who can predict the influence by which it will be marred or moulded? When a block of marble is first quarried it is a rough, shapeless mass, but this marble, incredible as it seems, has possibilities, not visible, but existing, ready to be brought into the light by some unknown cause. This cause comes in the form of a sculptor, the creative spirit that inspires the true artist tells him what lies within, and with his whole soul in the work he cuts away the useless stone from around the figure that is gradually gaining form. The higher capacity of the marble may be brought forth in the form of an angel of light, or perchance the form of man, but "little lower than the angels."

Thus character has capabilities in itself but it depends to a certain degree upon the individual and his surroundings, whether these be turned to a good or bad account. It may be the figure of an angel that this unknown sculptor will shape, by the aid of his invisible chisel, or it may be that of a demon, who knows? Who knows indeed? One may perchance grasp the sculptor's plan, as the passive marble breathes and lives beneath his hand. For every stroke is guided by a master spirit, and chiseled by a controlling mind. But the chisel strokes by which the life destiny is fashioned are variable and diverse unknown quantities. Circumstances, varying as the winds of heaven, latent powers, before undreamed of, heredity influence strong as fate, all constitute the life problem, the solution of which is difficult and well nigh impossible, till Time, the great eliminator, simplifies the equation and enables man to find the value of the unknown quantities. I try as the Sisy of Old to solve these life problems, but am beset on every side. Perplexed doubts flash through my mind. Strange shapes, chaotic masses, shadowy figures, obscure my mental vision. All combine to thwarting my endeavors to pass from the known to unknown, from what "has been" to what "may be." But the clouds gradually clear away and a picture resolves itself. I see but dimly at first and then more vividly till I can easily discern a chemist's laboratory. Who could mistake this abode of science with indications of its purpose on every side? Strange array of crucibles full of colored liquids, mysterious substances of most uncanny aspect, suggesting dealings with a magic world. One half expects to view midst this array a medieval alchemist emerging from a cobwebbed recess. But in the place of this the graceful figure of a fair young girl. The contrast that is presented between her and her dreary surroundings is indeed great. The dust of years has been gathering upon many of the instruments not then in use, making them seem even more neglected than they are in reality. She with earnestness and enthusiasm written on every feature seems to shed a peculiar radiance upon her dumb companions, lightening their gravity. The interested and absorbed manner of the girl surely indicates that nature is to her indeed a fairy godmother revealing secrets of hidden love. A departing ray of the sun falls upon the bent head, where it lingers, making her the centre of brightness in the dull room. She thinks as she works that in nature's infinite book of secrecy a little I can read. This rewards her for her effort and endows her with fresh zeal and a thirst for greater progress. I wonder that one so young should possess this extensive knowledge and seem to have such power of higher attainments, but am assured that she had been a devoted lover of science, learning much from the natural world even in childhood.

"And Nature the dear old nurse,
Took the child upon her knee,
Saying, 'Here is a story book
My father has written for thee.

"And she wandered away and away
With Nature the dear old nurse
Who sang to her night and day
The rhymer of the Universe.

I stand in a remote corner of the hall watching intently the motions of the chemist. I think she is employed in combining the nitrogen and hydrogen gases, but am mistaken for in place of the flame I am momentarily expecting, a vapory substance arises from the chemicals and gradually envelops her form and then, one by one, surrounding objects, till finally all are lost in the gaseous vapors. I am left alone, but not long. For now comes a scene that is cheerful indeed. I see a room glowing with light and warmth. In every nook and corner is provision for some one's comfort. On every side are pretty decorations and soft hangings, assuring one of a woman's presence and care. My attention is attracted to the open

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Commencement Exercises—Closing of the Tenth Year—Musical Department—Various Notes.

SALUTATORY—VALEDICTORY.

The Essays of the Graduates Jane Gertrude Shoenaker, Carrie Adella Blakeslee, Ida May Pullman, Laura Emily Stackhouse, Little Louise Vosburgh, Mary Franklin, Isabel Stevens Harris, and Abby Edwina Mason.

[Continued from First Page.]

fire place where sits a small plump figure; she turns her face to the cuckoo clock upon the mantle and I notice that her soft brown eyes light with pleasure for the "hands are on the stroke of six." I see her moving from place to place putting a touch here and there, for she seems well versed "in gracious household ways." Reigning supreme in this "woman's kingdom" of home, she has surely found that "safe, sweet corner of the household fire," making it safer and sweeter for the loved one she is expecting to return. I hear a step approaching, and, apparently, she had heard it before me; the brown eyes brighten again, and she moves to meet him, but this part of the scene is denied me, for the door is unceremoniously shut in my face, and I am left to divine the rest. The closed door leaves me in utter darkness and the thick gloom falls upon my mental vision also; a gloom scarcely lessened when the dense clouds are succeeded by a dim light, in which the outlines of my next picture are faintly seen. It is early dawn in a Southern city, the streets are almost deserted, no hum of voices indicating the revival of life in a great city; the air seems heavy with disaster, as if a bird of ill omen shadowed all the place with his huge wings; on the faces of the first that are to be seen, dread and anxiety hold sway; even the paving-stones under their feet seem to shrink beneath the scourge of "yellow fever." I see among these few, who save the streets from utter desolation, a figure wrapped in a cloak; a resolute and steadfast countenance adds to the dignity which her form alone would have maintained. Faces brighten at her coming, for all know the faithful nurse who has labored so long for them. Coming from the North in the strength of acquired knowledge and skill, she gives her services in a spirit of consecration to a lofty aim. It has been truly said that "man approaches most nearly to the gods when he confers the gifts of healing upon his fellow-men," and surely it is verified in this case. As she passes, her cloak is thrown back slightly, revealing the striped blue and white robes of a Bellevue nurse, and then I am assured that she is entirely worthy of the high esteem in which she is evidently held. My eyes follow her till I see her turn into a narrow street where she is lost from my view. The gloom momentarily lifted by her helpful presence now falls more heavily about me; a gloom insupportable if it were not for its brief duration. Almost instantaneously it is succeeded by a scene in vivid contrast to its desolation. There comes within my range of vision, a long, brightly lighted parlor, filled with animated and expectant guests; all employed as their different tastes direct, in walking about, conversing, or idly looking at pictures and engravings, but the chief pleasure of the evening is evidently yet to come. There is a sudden hush throughout the room and the unnumbered look upon the faces of the company changes to one of delight, as a melodious voice fills the large room. Selection after selection is received with increasing approbation. The reader's magic so charms the audience that the creations of romance and poet live before them as present realities. At length, as the last words of "Lusca" fall upon the ear, murmurs of compliment are heard, comparisons to Mrs. Siddons, reminiscences of Charlotte Cushman, and other celebrities of a past generation. All agree that the reader is as highly appreciated in her range of effort as those artists were in theirs; and now the voices die away and the light grows softer, figures change and disappear, the walls of the long room narrow and its ceilings lower, paintings and engravings have vanished from the walls, and instead are simple prints and scrolls. Couch and divan have given place to long rows of tiny cots, and beside each kneels a little white draped figure; it is evening prayer in the girls' ward of a children's home, I hear the faint tones of "Our Father," in which all the voices join, acknowledging a divine paternity; since an earthly one is denied them. A moment for silent prayer and now the matron of the ward, who has been standing in her accustomed place to preserve perfect order, moves toward the riating figures and lovingly gives a good-night kiss to each little waif. The face that bends over the tiny beds is calm, patient and motherly, the little children have grown to love it as they would their own mother. Her life is made up of little cares, but blessed in doing good and leading these children to Him who has said "suffer the little children to come unto me." Now one by one the lights are extinguished until a single taper sheds its struggling beams over the dim corridor. I leave the sleeping children and peaceful room, and turn my face to the outer world; but here a strange transition awaits me; I had expected a dark moonless night, with scarcely a star gemming the over-cast sky; instead, a flood of morning sunshine meets my eyes, and I am carried swiftly through a busy street to a court-yard, where stands a handsome structure of brick. Within are countless halls and sunny class-rooms; coming from them is a faint hum of voices more subdued than that proceeding from the domain of Ithaca Crane. Perfect order, military discipline and precision bespeak the school. I pause at length in a quiet class-room, and watch the attentive faces of the pupils and the different expressions as the abstract truths are entirely grasped by some, partially comprehended by others, and not at all understood by those who never seem to understand anything. All, however, watch the black-board very attentively, on whose dark surface are traced, in clear, white characters, mystic formulas and esoteric signs, which to the uninitiated mind seem meaningless; but not so to the trained intellect of the model school mistress, who states successive equations so rapidly, and sets forth demonstrations so clearly, that one might fancy that her mental processes

were purely automatic. Self-possession, dignified and calm, she stands before her class, though a little anxiety is seen in her face, and in a nervous clasping of the hands, as a pupil falters in some intricate point; after her careful explanation, I follow mechanically the swift manipulations of the eraser in the teacher's hand, as she resumes her work at the black-board. I hear the click of pencils, concise answers, and crisp rattling of paper, but they fall unheeded and without making any impression upon dull ear and weary brain. I am confused by the wonderful transpositions of the equation, by which the known is resolved from the unknown. In my mind other and more important problems are struggling for solution; I almost envy the rapid calculations made by the teacher, but am partially consoled by the fact that my problems are more difficult, and that the solid ground, when obtained, will be of more value to the world. I turn from the busy self-satisfied scene; the very exactness and completeness of the work jars upon my own uncertain and chaotic visions; the last sound as I thread the long hall, is the sharp ring of the class-bell, and I pass again into the hurried street. At length as the long, low shadows of afternoon are falling, I find myself in the cool, wide space of a city church. Here is rest and quiet that will enable me to arrange my scattered thoughts and vagrant fancies. No sound of chant, or prayer, or hymn breaks the stillness, assuring me that it is not the hour of service. Etray gleams through the stained glass and pictured window fall upon deserted nave and chancel; no flowers deck the carved altar. To my excited imagination the spectral memorial tablets gleam like phantoms in their marble whiteness; I had longed for quiet and a rest for my tired brain, but this ghostly place of refuge agitates my already over-wrought feeling; I look on every side for an escape from this drear solitude, and am beginning to despair when I see at the end of the long aisle, a half-open door, suggesting a possible exit; a flight of stairs leads me to another door also ajar. I pause on the threshold of it, not caring to mar the effect of the picturesque scene; I see a bare room devoid of ornament, dusky rafters and plastered walls making it artistic in its severe simplicity. In the sunset light, from a high window, gleam the golden pipes of the organ. Before this sits the organist with the listening look of the true musician upon his cultured face; as I pause unseen he strikes the first notes of an accompaniment making the inanimate organ move and live and have its being beneath his skillful touch. I perceive that he is conducting an afternoon choir rehearsal; in high relief stands a single figure, her clear cut profile against the dark wood-work and dim shadows, while above her head rise the organ pipes, glittering in the sunshine, and vibrating under the master's hand. In the background are grouped three figures, apparently the other members of the choir, in listless attitudes of waiting, professional singers all, ever reserving their enthusiasm for their own efforts. My attention is centered upon the soloist who stands, until the prelude is ended, motionless, save for a slight tremor in the hand holding her music; I look again and again in that brief interval, but forget the singer in the song, as the first clear tones break the stillness, then fill the large church with a burst of melody that is "drunk up by the thirsty silences" of the gothic arches, like fragrant incense; the silvery voice rises above the organ pipes, fittest offering of devotion from man's heart to God. But upon my puzzled brain and questioning heart the sweet strains exercise a strange charm; my doubts are stilled, my eager knocking at the door of the future answered, for "music is the prophet's art," and on its wondrous tide the human soul forgets its littleness in the divine. "Music is well said to be the speech of angels," for the melting strains awake echoes in my heart, and lift my soul to a higher vision with more than angelic power; I have learned to trust. The old legend of St. Cecilia is again reversed, again a mortal is lifted to the skies, and in the clear light of this upper world I am content. It is enough that God should know and I feel that my incompleteness is merged into his completeness. As she concludes I turn away not wishing another voice to create discord where now is harmony, and condescend the strange influence that has been so soothing to my troubled mind. Once more outside a perfect sunset unfolds its beauty in regal gold and purple. "Hands of angels unseen by mortal eyes shift the scenery of the heavens" and it seems for an instant that I am enabled to look beyond into the dark unknown, but as the heavens are changed by the different tints and floating clouds, so the penetrability of my mind is destroyed by the return of the old doubts, the varying fancies and dissolving pictures. Is there any reality in the sketches which I have traced? Who knows? But now comes on the listening air the sound of a distant chant, and amid the other voices I distinguish the springing alto which brought such peace to my heart; again it gives the blessed assurance that there is one who knows, and in his hands I leave the untold story of the future. "The music in my heart I bore long after it was heard no more" and under its sweet spell I lift my eyes and say, "Thou knowest."

BLACK, WHITE AND GRAY.

Carrie Adella Blakeslee.

Wisdom points ever to the middle course, and with unhesitating verdict the "mean" has been pronounced "golden." The language of different nations shows us that this thought is common to them all. It seems to be one of those intuitive ideas in the mind of man, which are unconsciously awakened by the circumstances of life. Thus the Roman said "Whosoever chooses the golden mean, serene and safe dwells neither in a wretched hovel, nor in an envied palace." And again "The middle station is safest." This gives the ancient idea; while in modern times, the French have the proverb "A man may shine in the second rank who would be eclipsed in the first," and in the Italian is found "Little wealth, little care." Now, although each tongue gives a slight national coloring to its maxim, yet, in all, the leading thought is the same of the "fortunate medium." And this view is held for reasons of worldly wisdom or self-interest. Is it not a regard for ease and personal welfare that causes men to avoid the stations of extreme wealth or poverty, and choose that life which brings with it the least disadvantage or exertion? How much policy is clothed in those few words "The Middle Station is safest." It very obscurely renders one secure from attack. But this universal sentiment is not altogether founded upon sordid motives; there is also an element of that higher spiritual wisdom, which is the true guide of life. The teaching of God's word points to contentment; with little as the indispensable condition of the soul's highest attainments.

In the writings of the great poets and dramatists, this hidden spiritual truth is conveyed: the harmonious mingling of ingredients in the "wine of life." Thus Shakespeare has said "Every inordinate cup is unblessed and the ingredient is a devil," showing that all excess is the source of evil. Even virtues, by a slight exaggeration, become vices. Shylock, one of the most wonderful conceptions of the myriad-minded poet, very clearly portrays exaggerated forms of virtue. It was his patriotism and love of the Jewish nation, carried to excess, that caused him to so intensely hate the Christians. His economy became a fierce craving for riches; while his extreme love of justice caused that unrelenting exactness of the bond from Antonio.

The shadowy borderland between vice and virtue is often so faintly traced that it can scarcely be perceived.

Nor is it alone in the world of morals that one must heed this equilibrium of forces. A well balanced nature also holds a certain vantage ground in the intellectual world. To the sober eye of common sense the possession of extraordinary intellectual gifts may not be an unmixed blessing. Many who covet genius forget that it is often attended by serious disadvantages. The law of "Quid pro Quo" holds true in such a case. Nothing can be had without paying the price, and it is often a very dear one. "But a step from the genius to the madman." The same creative power that peoples a world of fancy, gives origin to the tortures that afflict the brain of one bereft of reason.

It is the imagination that forms the shadows of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

The great French novelist said "Come, let us leave these tiresome men and women and talk a little of real people, the characters in my book for example." While Dickens asserts, that his characters, when in process of development, possessed his mind so entirely that they seemed more real than flesh and blood; that this was particularly true of his pathetic child characters, like Tiny Tim and Little Nell, who never left his side during all the time that they were forming in his active brain, but kept pace with his rapid footsteps or with his busy pen.

This ideal life gives one a distaste for the real. Men of genius are rarely pleasant household companions. They seem to be ever soaring above the common level, and paying little heed to either its pains or pleasures. They live in a world far distant from this, and only reached by climbing the lofty heights of Parnassus. It is painful to them to be called from the cloud capt mountain top to the prosaic plains and quiet valleys of common life. It has been said, and truly, "You can not harness Pegasus to the family coach." A mind bent upon a lofty idea and absorbed in a world of imagination does not readily harmonize with the details of domestic life. The little cares and trials of home jar upon its finer sense as discords on a well-trained musical ear. This lack of adaptation gives anything but happiness to other members of the family. As the shrewd Scotch woman said of her gifted son, "Tom was e'er gay ill to deal wi'."

In another sense a very active imagination is undesirable in every-day life. Trifling life is exaggerated and made much of which to a person of less acute faculties would be considered trivial, and would soon be forgotten. A thoughtful and sensitive person is not content with the present, but is ever looking forward to the future, and this creates a scene of constant misadventure.

Again an extremely retentive memory is commonly regarded as a rare treasure indicating strength of mind and character. This is probably a true theory, for the intellect that so vividly conceives and so vigorously retains, can not be deficient in other attributes.

Then the past life with all its treasured knowledge and wisdom becomes as available as the present. The man turns to it with as much confidence in its reliability as he does to his present perceptions. It is a book of reference that is ever at hand, and continually adding pages as years elapse. How many are there who exclaim, "Oh! that I could remember all!" little thinking what may be contained in that word "all."

Here again the law of "Quid pro Quo" confronts one, and how few there are who would be willing to pay the price. That extremely impressive, retentive memory, with all its varied sources of pleasure, becomes an instrument of keenest torture. He who derives advantage from an accurate recollection of the past must also suffer disadvantage and positive loss. Time is nature's best remedy for all sorrows, but it can administer no balm to the ardent soul that recalls so tenderly each look and tone and gesture of one loved and lost; who reviews so minutely painful incidents that to a mind less highly organized would have been long obliterated. Such an one is like a weary traveler, whose burden is increased each moment, rather than lightened by time, till at last he exclaims with Themistocles, "Oh, for the art of forgetting."

Living in the past with memory not only causes more poignant sorrow, but it also throws one out of all sympathy with the present, unfitting him for usefulness. In his unreal world he becomes thoroughly impractical, he fails more and more completely under the sway of the dominant faculty, until at length he has no longer the power to affirm that he will not "burden his remembrance with a heaviness that is gone."

Then what a charm it that quality or class of qualities which our grandmothers called "Sensibility." The quick and ready sympathy, the delicate perception, the fine appreciation of all that is beautiful and good, have ever been found in high and gentle natures since the world began. What a light and happy coloring such a nature would seem to give life. But here, "The heart that is sweetest awake to the dawn; Its ways the first to be touched by the dews. He who so readily enters into his fellow man's sorrow, feels his own most keenly. That mind which so minutely notes each change of tone or gesture cannot but be deeply grieved when a loved one wounds. Again he who derives the greatest pleasure from the little kindnesses of those about him, is also the most sensitive to their neglect. The same fact that will avoid wounding another will itself receive most pain from another's thrust. Guo, Eliot says "Sensible persons are more affected by a change of tone than by unexpected words." Thus exquisite refinement and rare susceptibility, while yielding joy of a higher order, render their possessor vulnerable to a thousand shafts that would glance harmless from the armor of a coarser or duller nature. Then, turning to another class of faculties, it is said,

"Blessings on him whose 'Tis is strong. He suffers but he can not suffer long. He suffers but he can not suffer wrong." A strong will is indeed admirable when directed by a strong intellect. All respect that man or woman who having made a decision firmly abides by it though all the world oppose. Such an one is sure to be a leader among men, and to sway them with irresistible power. Such a possession is a priceless boon, and all regard its achievements as one does the fabled feats of the Titans. Even then it is better to appreciate from afar, for close proximity is not always conducive to happiness or safety. As is said, "distance lends enchantment." The mighty will over-rides all obstacles, quite regardless of consequences. For such natures solitude is the only inheritance, dwelling, as it does, upon the snowy peaks above the cheerful valleys of common life.

From a careful consideration of the subject, it is seen that moderation in all things tends to produce the greatest amount of material advantage and social happiness.

It is seemingly a paradox that one may not desire the highest gifts. Yet experience teaches that generally one endowed with moderate abilities gains a greater measure of worldly success than another possessing an exceptional faculty of mind. The explanation is found in the general mediocrity of human nature; in the fact that the greater portion of the human race do not rise above the dead level. Occasionally there is given to the world a great genius, but only as a beautiful specimen that brings variety into the collection of the botanist; a rare blossom springing up by the waters' edge, nodding and smiling at itself in the mirror below, until it withers and dies; it is an exception to the rule of existence.

Thus the man who possesses moderate abilities is best beloved by his fellow-men, he neither excites their envy nor calls forth their dislike; but lives among them loving and loved. He recognizes feeble efforts in himself and others; he learns that inferior powers are often blessed in great results; he is taught humility and faith until he says, "I once, in my own opinion, knew everything; then nothing; now, enough." He is enabled to extend greater sympathy to all and to more highly appreciate their labors. In studying human nature one finds the majority of motives mixed, and most ideals to be low. A life of unblemished good or unmitigated evil, is seldom found. "Few are exalted to the rank of angels or lowered to that of demons."

At length one appreciates this truth and acknowledges the plane of human life. He no longer seeks for that which does not exist, but contents himself with the reality presented. Thus a modern novelist makes one of her characters say, "When I was young I thought all white; later in life, black; now gray." Everywhere this fact manifests itself, and originates the theory that the wise basis of thought and action is ever found in the "golden mean," which avoids the dangers and shares the advantages of both extremes.

This is acknowledged the prevailing mediocrity of human nature and intelligent action is thereby secured. Life is recognized neither as brilliant nor somber, but center in that. In perfect harmony with our vision, which rests with greatest pleasure, not on black or white, but on the soft-toned gray.

"OLD TALES RETOLD."

Ida May Pullman.

All works of imagination have a peculiar charm; they call forth that quality to which they owe existence; by them the mind is lifted into a freer atmosphere; new worlds, before undreamed of, now unfold themselves to the mental vision. How the sentiment of wonder and admiration is gratified. The delight is not lessened because the subject is enwrapped in mystery; indeed it is enhanced. Particularly in childhood is this charm felt. The imaginative child lives in a world of fancy peopled by characters from his fairy tales, and there is in nature the old thirst for the strange, the wonderful, the mysterious; but the old tales that once delighted and satisfied can no longer exercise their spell of enchantment. There is now a stronger grasp on reality; reason and reflection have developed; much that was once delightfully obscure is no longer acceptable to the awakened mind. The sweet faith of childhood is lost and the creations of fancy, lovely as they are, fail to satisfy the truth-seeking soul. But can it not be shown that still "truth is stranger than fiction"; that the lost ideals of childhood are verified in the world of reality; that the tales of fairy-land find their counterpart in the realm of scientific truth?

Of all of Shakespeare's dramas perhaps the most ethereal, the most purely imaginative, is "The Tempest." This play in its wealth of thought and intellectual power, of course delights the most gifted minds, but the story alone, told as a simple narrative, never fails to charm young or old, learned or unlearned.

The conception of Prospero elicits wonder and ministers to that latent appreciation of power that exists in every human breast. When after his dethronement he cheers his dreary exile on the island by strange studies in magic lore, he acquires supernatural power and is able to command spirits, invisible to all but his own eyes; they obey his every wish and hasten at his summons. How great does he appear in the exercise of this unseen power, this mysterious control over the spirit world. Of all the airy sprites that do his bidding, Ariel is most important, the swift and active messenger, performing wondrous feats and carrying messages over land and through the depths of the sea. Distance is naught to him and at his imperious master's call he replies, "I come to answer best pleasure; be't fly, to swim, to dive into the fire, to ride, on the curled clouds, to tread the ooze of the salt deep; to run upon the sharp wind of the North." This aerial creature, with all his marvelous adaptation and prompt obedience, did not always yield to his master's behest willingly. He longed for freedom but the haughty Prospero would not release his fairy page until his messages were conveyed, distances traversed and ends achieved. Then, and not till then, were the bonds severed and the free spirit permitted the wide realms of space. Consider how this imaginative story finds its counterpart in man's power over electricity, which meets his wants as perfectly as the spirit Ariel, traveling from north to south, east to west, over land and to the bottom of the mighty ocean. The thoughts of the ignorant with those of the learned flash with equal velocity from place to place. Man as ruler or master of electricity bids it, either or rather on errands of business or pleasure. Sometimes the message fills the receiver's heart with joy, again piercing it with the sword of grief, but always diffusing intelligence. By the telegraph, nations have been brought into close communion. Civilization has been advanced. It makes known at once to all the world the important events occurring in the different countries. One can hardly imagine one's

forefathers existing without its helping hand, when it has become such a common thing that one rarely thinks of its essential proceedings. Man, its autocrat, calls forth the latent power of electricity, directing it where he wills, sending his dispatches with the speed of light. Does this not rival the sage Prospero's mastery over the fairy and demon of the spirit world?

Another tale of far less dramatic beauty but perhaps as fully meeting a heartfelt want of human nature, is that of the "Magic Mirror." We remember the weird chamber into which the doctor of magic led his expectant guests, eagerly longings for tidings of the loved and absent friend. There were arranged the mysterious draperies, the candles giving a semi-religious aspect to the scene, the wide mirror into whose ghastly depths the guest was bidden to look long and earnestly. Then slowly the beloved form upon whom the thoughts were centered rises to view; for one brief moment he and his surroundings are seen and the anxious heart is satisfied. Then all fades and the black mirror tells no secret. But strange as this appears does not modern science afford a parallel? Photography makes the distant near and the absent present. Within the four walls of one room may be brought together the most remote parts of the world; distant lands that may never be visited are made as real as though one were standing in their midst; famous cathedrals, historic castles, landscapes, celebrated in poetry and science, works of art, too rare and costly for the slender purse, are all displayed to the delighted eye that could never view their beauty but for this magic medium. Here also are grouped dear faces, distant now by the breadth of a continent or an ocean, youthful faces although the originals have silver hair and faded cheeks, smiling faces that now sleep in unbroken silence—all made immortal. Though the loved ones be distant the separation is softened by the presence of the pictured face, though they be mute one sees again the lips that were wont to speak; though Time has touched all with its changing finger, yet the face, still fresh and fair, recalls old days with which it was associated. With reverence and deep love one looks upon the faces that have long slept in the grave. How one studies the picture and endeavors to find different expressions since the original is forever hidden. At one time one seems to see patience stamped on the countenance, at another time anxiety and loving thought, but whatever is discovered is always gratifying as it strikes the cords of the heart left behind. Each smile and glance is perpetuated by the pencil of the sun; whether the expression is one of happiness, or sorrow, or quiet repose, the image is indelibly impressed. With these familiar are preserved the places made sacred by their presence, the home of one's childhood, the chance where one was baptized, and perchance the quiet churchyard where the loved ones are at rest, and we once more visit them as of old and for hours at a time live over parts of our earlier life. All these are called up at will by the photographer's art; with ease and accuracy are reproduced. Does he not with his camera surpass the magic of the mysterious doctor, who from the wondrous mirror evoked visions to cheer the aching heart and lonely spirit? Then in the treasury of Arabian Story may be found the familiar fable of the fisherman who, casting his net into the sea, draws forth a copper vase closely sealed. We see again the credulous man who, not thinking of danger, removes the seal; then issues a dense vapor, slowly shaping itself into the form of a gigantic spirit. We hear the dread voice informing the terrified fisherman that the genie could give him wealth and power under certain conditions, but now instant death will be the penalty of his temerity, and then is seen the strategem by which the fisherman, weak and unskilled as he is, regains his power over the haughty spirit. Affected to disbelief that so immense a shape could ever have been confined in the vase, he induced the genie to resolve himself into vapor again and re-enter the vase, when the seal is replaced and the mighty spirit is rendered powerless. Surely only the most extravagant fancy could originate such a scene, yet it is but faintly foreshadowed the marvels of modern chemistry, the power of man over the forces of nature, and the danger that results from carelessness or misapprehension. The chemist in his laboratory holds in his grasp the elements of which the universe is composed. They are harmless and unresisting so long as he regards their nature and the laws by which they are constituted. He makes combinations that are harmless and useful to man so long as chemical laws are obeyed; he combines in small receivers and jars compounds innocuous while kept closely sealed but converted into a destroying agent if brought into contact with the atmosphere. He combines, transforms and resolves the elements with a power closely akin to that which caused the universe to appear on the first morning of creation. Again the materials of the ores are combined, again are brought together the elements of which the mighty deep was formed, again light and heat flash forth as when God said, "Let there be light."

Man now seems endowed with almost creative power, he measures the elements and understands their inmost nature. The chemist can rob the most powerful compound of its strength and again, by adding an element, he may restore its former potency. But if he disobey their mysterious laws, if he make one false combination the slave becomes the master, more fierce and terrible than the genie evoked by the fisherman. For by a simple mistake the once harmless elements, now free to act as they will, may destroy all, even life itself. But modern science enables man to tread these dangerous paths with safety and thus to enter the enchanted country where his wonder-loving soul finds delight, not only discovering the marvels of our world, but of those more distant. Thus crowned with knowledge his thirst for power is satisfied and he holds sway over sea and land, earth and sky, as God intended when he created man in his own image.

"PANDORA'S JAR"—A CLASS HISTORY. Laura Emily Stackhouse. "Some are born great, Others achieve greatness, Others have greatness thrust upon them." The latter was our case. To the premature organization of our class may be attributed all the woes I am about to pour into your sympathetic ears. We were not mature enough to bear the dignity and honor of class existence, and we had not sufficient worldly experience to withstand the attacks to which our recent elevation naturally subjected us. But no thought of incapacity crossed our minds on that bright October morning when we were first recognized as members of the class of '86.

I cannot dwell upon our first meeting; it is painful for us to recall the mistakes, the disorder, the shocking disregard of parliamentary rules, which

marked the progress of our brief session. For instance, when it was proposed to constitute officers, and elect officers, we became excited, and failed to perceive the distinction between the abstract idea of office, and the personal function of officer. Then again each member was desirous of holding an office, and several were created simply to satisfy this innocent ambition. The few who were not honored confidently expected to be placed on all the committees, and consoled themselves with the thought that they would have more real power than if invested with a formal dignity. Since the only object was to gratify each officer's very little discrimination was displayed in assigning officers. A single exception to this falls like a gleam of sunshine across the confused scene. One member of the class expectant was hastily summoned from her garden, where, like a fair young Cincinnati, she had been engaged in agricultural occupations. As she entered, her earnest face and picturesque gardening costume impressed us all, and with unanimous voice we proclaimed her "Class Poet." We felt that there was peculiar fitness in the choice, and that if she did not write poetry she loved it, which is far better.

In the settlement of minor preliminaries the first to be considered was the selection of a class motto. Our class has always been opposed to the classics for two reasons: first, that such studies are not practical, and secondly that they exert an unfeminine influence over the mind. But we had heard that consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, and to prove our superiority, we determined to be inconsistent, and choose a Latin motto which none of us could pronounce, much less translate. We, however, adopted the initials as our class name. The class of '85 by some means unknown to us, became aware of its meaning, and were desirous that we should share their superior knowledge. They left slips of paper on their desks with the name written on in full, and addressed all chit chat in the same manner. At the next meeting we changed our name, but retained the initials; when we told them of the change they declined to believe, declaring that we had hardly originality enough to think of one name, certainly not two. Our only other emblem was a class pin, designed by one of our members, upon an already existing model, and distinguished for the characteristics of economy, durability and simplicity; strange to say, this chaste emblem failed to satisfy all, and was at length discarded.

As the end of the term drew near, we planned an entertainment in honor of the senior class; a picnic suggested itself, to be held at Verdi, the day after Commencement. Why we should have chosen a picnic is past our comprehension; it simply illustrates the strange fatality of our career. With our present wisdom we would certainly prefer either a lawn party or an evening reception, to which our friends from town could be invited. Perhaps our picnic was no more disastrous than that absurd form of festivity generally is. There were the usual little incidents by which the monotony of the day was diversified; for example, one of our members upset a large bucket of unwanted lemonade when we were literally twelve miles from a lemon, and in consequence, our whole party were tortured with the thirst of Tantalus. Our choicest delicacies had the most unaccountable propensity for demonstrating the principle of gravitation, our fire at first refuted the proposition that "man is a fire-eating animal," and when at length it consented to burn a little, it smoked persistently, and only afforded us charred toast and tea, open to the reproach for which the servant girl apologized by saying that "the water of which it was made was as warm as could be drunk." These were minor grievances, existing in the nature of the picnic; simply this, and nothing more. There were other trials of a different character. The devoted attention we paid the graduates was received by them with indifference; but we accepted the situation, and never once failed in our duty as hostesses; for our hearts were cheered by the thought of coming freedom; we could see nothing before us but happiness and success; we anticipated some hard study, but what of that? There would be no supercilious snobs to sympathize by saying, "wait until you are in our books." But what our hopes were doomed to disappear.

At the opening of the year our hearts were saddened by the fact that but eight remained of the original thirteen. Ill-fated number! our most beloved classmates had departed, leaving this prosaic octave, most unsuggestive number. Why? Why not nine? the favorite of music and song, or seven with its mystic charm? Alas! it seemed that mediocrity and common-places remained to us. But our sorrow for our lost classmates could not be long indulged. It gave place to new trials and discouragement. Our studies proved to be more difficult than we had anticipated, they did not seem at all fitted for our peculiarly constituted minds; there was no bond of sympathy between ourselves, and the distinguished triumvirate of Wayland, Haven and Chubbourn.

Our progress in Moral Science was marked by great uncertainty and was chiefly exhibited in a prosaic vein, which found its way into our essays and called down upon our heads stern rebukes in composition class, upon "prudential moralizing"—the greatest blemish in literary work, as we were told. We took no pleasure in the study and the oft-repeated words "Every man has a right to himself" are no longer regarded by us as an axiom, for we are perfectly sure that were this true we would not have given so many honors to the study of Ethics.

There is also a certain vagueness in our minds concerning Psychology, and we think with the sage philosopher who gave himself no uneasiness in regard to the constitution of the universe, saying "If it is mind, no matter; if it is matter, never mind."

In respect to Natural Theology, we have concluded that we are natural theologians, for we have certainly never acquired that science. As for Astronomy, our aversion can be entirely explained by the color of the text book, which is not at all aesthetic, and to our delicate sensibilities very repulsive. It would at first seem strange that anything so innocent as a class emblem should prove a source of unhappiness. Yet this has been our experience with each of the three devices chosen this year.

When we selected our bracelet we thought it perfect in design and construction. It consists of nine silver bricks; the eight which form the bracelet proper, represent the different members of the class, and bear the first name of each. The ninth is placed in the opposite direction to the others and bears our motto engraved in semi-circles, and beneath this the mystic letters "Tau Pi." Each brick is connected with the others by two silver chains. The bracelets met our brightest hopes and no flaw could we find in them. But soon we heard whispered remarks that silver was a base metal, to this however

we paid little attention thinking it a display of pique. Just then a topic upon the precious metals occurred in one of our studies, and we discovered that gold not only had greater intrinsic beauty, but also retained more perfectly the delicate chasing and engraving of the artist. Then we began to see a little defect in our bracelet, and to wish that it were gold. It was but a "little rift," but it "made the music maimed." We were most unfortunate in our choice of a class flower, as at the time only one in the class knew the species we had selected. The undergraduates knew something of our ignorance and delighted in bringing all sorts of roses to us affirming them to be the Jacquemont, and enjoying our distress, as we were not able to come to any decision concerning them, except that they were not our class flowers. They would then innocently ask us to describe our flower. Here if possible we always discontinued the argument.

We were not less unhappy in our class colors. We chose the soft tints of cream and maroon, but many failed to see the fine distinction, and have designated them as "yellow and red." Fancy our dismay that any one could confound our delicately contrasting colors with common yellow red! The name of our society, the "Tau Pi," gave us intense satisfaction as we were certain that the Greek letters would reveal no secrets. But some of the younger girls annoyed us very much by mistaking them for signs of the zodiac, as if our minds must be forever groping in astronomy. This present year, we chose another Latin motto, "Silentia est Spei." In Silence and in Hope. It impressed us a motto of remarkable originality. It was not perhaps as suggestive as those of previous years, but it was unlike any other, therefore gratifying to us. Little did we think that the words which we regarded with such complacency, were so many weapons with which we would be wounded. But we soon found that the old story of "Apples of Sodom" was to be repeated even here. Our motto furnished material for endless epigrams, of which I only cite two. Thus it was charitably said that the thought was well chosen, as it was desirable that there should be an element of "hope" in the class, even if confined to the last word in their motto, and after a peculiar motto recitation it was refreshing to hear the caustic criticism, that the class had displayed remarkable judgment in selecting "silence" for their watch-word.

Nevertheless, it is to our motto that we now look for consolation. After the various woes had escaped from Pandora's Jar, at the bottom remained a hope to cheer and strengthen the heart of man. And as the recital of our griefs is ended the words, "Silentia est Spei" suggests that the remedy lies in the future. And this has already been partially verified. In the early days of May our future may be said to have begun, our class appointments were then given and we felt that school life was approaching its end. With most imposing ceremonies we planted our class tree, and on that occasion enunciated many admirable resolutions which have been kept with more or less faithfulness. At all events a more earnest and studious spirit has pervaded our class, and these last weeks have been brightened by the cordial approval of our teachers and the courteous attentions of the Junior Class. This event is to us an omen of good, and to its promises we steadfastly turn our eyes. And we pray that all with us may forget our griefs in the dawning light of a sunny future.

ESSAY—"SOTO YACE."

Hattie Louise Vosburgh.

"Grant thoughts like great deeds need no trumpet," but it is not unfitting to chant the praises of "little things," of trifles light as air, though often as important in results as matters of seemingly far graver significance. Wisely has it been said, that in the great universe the little things are parts of the whole, and so related that one cannot predict the influence that the most obscure part may at any moment acquire in the scale of value.

Then "think naught a trifle though it small appear," for its possible force is not always apparent. Little influences determine the destiny of each individual as positively as some more potent cause. In the latter part of the 18th century there lived a delicate boy, not strong enough to be thought for the routine of school life. He was therefore sent into the country where he would be quite free from restraint. Here in one of the most romantic parts of the "Land of the Heavens" his boyhood was spent. Here he acquired his ardent love for Scottish scenery, here he gained, from many an ancient peasant and garrulous dame that wealth of border tradition which he afterwards embodied in his masterpieces of historical fiction. The circumstances of his early lameness and seclusion was a trifle, but how rich in results to him and to the thousands who yet feel the magic spell of the "Wizard of the North."

In the bewildering world of science, what wonders have had their origin in trifles! What treasures of knowledge have been unlocked by accident! One has but to mention the name of steam or electricity and a throng of incidents rush before the mind. But in considering "little things" one must not forget to mention their influence upon the heart as well as upon the intellect. In this vein of thought would be suggested the simple songs and sweet ballads that afford so much pleasure. There is a world of thought in the words, "let me make the ballads of a nation and I care not who make the laws." The poet and the song writer may be true legislators, for they touch the heart and rule the spirit, and thus control the very mainstays of action. When fatigued by the exertions of the day, one does not feel in the right mood to listen to a classical poem; but simple verses, though oft-repeated, give delight. Can not the defender of trifles, of simple thought and minor tones, become by a slight transition the advocate of all the quiet and unobtrusive influences of life? It would seem trite were it not so often forgotten to state that gentleness is more potent than force. Force gains outward obedience, but gentleness wins the homage of the heart. "Your gentleness shall force, more than your force move us to gentleness." This is the ideal power of woman. Her strength is never so fully exhibited as in that gentleness which must be regarded as the glory of feminine character. Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman. The soft voice is the exponent of that rare sisterhood of qualities, which though lovely in any place, are best seen in the quiet of home. Thus it may be said that the care of home and her loved ones is woman's noblest work, and though it does not attract by its outward display it deserves attention as an interesting study. Home is the heart of the universe; though hid from view, it throbs throw out life at every pulsation. Why then should woman desire any other kingdom, since here, by her gentleness, she may rule

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. J. WING OLIVER,
(HOMOEOPATHIC)
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OBSTETRIC AND CHRONIC DISEASES
of women a specialty.

W. BERGMAN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Reno, Washoe Co., Nev.

OFFICE—Second street, next door to JETSON
Building.

J. F. ALEXANDER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Office—Court House, Reno, Nev.
my34

C. S. MARTIN,
RENO, NEVADA,
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
AGENT AND MONEY BROKER.

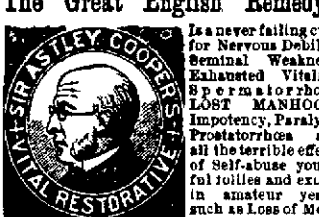
Houses and lots sold on the installment plan.
Agent for several first-class Insurance Com-
panies. my34

DR. H. BERGSTEN,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR
Office—Rooms 1 and 2 Sunderland's Block,
Virginia Street, Reno
Residence—Sierra street on door north of
the Golden Eagle Hotel my34

H. L. FISH,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND COMMISSIONER.
Deeds and other papers drawn and acknowl-
edgements taken at reasonable rates
Office—In First National Bank. my34

PIERCE EVANS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Practice in the State and Federal Courts
NOTARY PUBLIC
Office—Chambers' Building, Virginia Street
Reno, Nevada my34

DR. MINTE.
THE SPECIALIST.
No. 11 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal
Treats all Chronic Special and Private Dis-
eases with Wonderful Success
The Great English Remedy!



Is a never failing cure for Nervous Debility
Beminal Weakness, Exhaustion, Vitality,
Spermatorrhea, LOST MANHOOD
Impotency, Paralysis, Prostatitis, and
all the terrible effects of Self-abuse, youth-
ful follies and excess in amusements, such
as Loss of Memory, Lassitude, Emotion, nervous-
ness, Headaches, Dizziness, Noises in the
Head, Excesses in Drinking Intoxicating Li-
quors, the vital fluid passing unobserved in
the urine, and many other diseases that lead
to insanity and death.

DR. MINTE'S BRAIN CURE
Dr. Minte's Brain Cure is a powerful medicine
cures all kinds of Nervous Debility, Head-
aches, Gout, Rheumatism, Leucorrhoea, etc.
For sale by all druggists, \$1 a bottle or six
bottles \$5.

MONARCH SALOON,
WEST SIDE OF VIRGINIA STREET
RENO, NEV.,
H. J. THYES & CO., Proprietors.
Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars
— AT THE BAR —
Brunswick & Balke's Monarch
Billiard and Pool Tables.

THE LEADING PAPERS ON FILE
We have lately commenced the obbing of
Wines and Liquors by the gallon, bottle or
case. Bitters, Champagnes and all kinds of
all kinds, which we will sell lower than
ever before sold in town. Call and be con-
vinced. J. S.

NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEET-
ING.
THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE CALI-
fornia Fire & Marine Insurance Company are
notified that pursuant to the By-laws of said
company the annual meeting of its stockhold-
ers will be held at its office, in J. J. Quinn's
store, in block F, in Reno, Washoe county, Ne-
vada, on Saturday, the 12th day of June 1886
at 2 o'clock P. M. for the election of five Direc-
tors for said company for the ensuing year
and the transaction of any of its business that
may lawfully come before such meeting.
Reno May 25 1886
J. J. QUINN, Secretary

WEAK, NERVOUS PEOPLE
And others suffering
from nervous debility,
premature loss of
vitality, etc., cured by
Dr. Minte's Brain Cure.
Famous Dr. Minte's Brain Cure is a powerful
medicine cures all kinds of Nervous Debility,
Headaches, Gout, Rheumatism, Leucorrhoea,
etc. For sale by all druggists, \$1 a bottle or
six bottles \$5. Send stamp for pamphlet.
Dr. J. J. Quinn, 1177 Market St., S. F.

UNION IRON WORKS,
RENO, NEVADA
Foundry work, wagon making and blacksmith-
ing of all kinds. Our machine shop will
open in about 30 days.
Rosen & Michael,
Proprietor

NOTICE.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THERE
will be a stockholders meeting of the
Highland Park and Water Company, Saturday
July 10th, at 1 o'clock P. M. of that day, to take
into consideration the amendment of the Con-
stitution and By-laws of said Company and to
transact such other business as may come be-
fore said meeting. By Order of Trustees,
J. S.

A GIFT
Send 10 cents postage and we will
mail you free a royal, valuable,
sample box of goods that will put
you in the way of making mor-
e money at once than anything else in America.
Both sexes of all ages can live at home and
work in spare time, or all the time. Capital
not required. We will start you. Immediate
pay sent for those who start at once.
STINSON & CO., Portland Me

FIFTY-CENT COLUMN.

All classes of legitimate advertisements
not exceeding six lines inserted in this column
for 50 Cents per week.

FOR SALE
TWO (2) Galloway Bulls, two (2) years old,
apt2 A. T. RICE.

Offices to Let
In upper story of the Chambers building.
Enquire on the premises my12

Large Painting.
And all kinds of lettering done in first-class
style at the Studebaker Bros. Bazaar. All
work guaranteed apt5 GEO. JENNING.

Safe Cure for Cancer.
I have discovered a safe cure for Cancer
Ulcers and Fester, in the form of a plaster
which I guarantee will cure them worse kind.
No extra pain with its use. No cure no pay.
MRS. SALVADORE LAGOMARINO,
331 Octette Near Steamboat Springs, Nev.

Night Watchman.
George W. Merbon, the regular and fully
empowered Night Watchman of Reno, is pre-
pared to watch business houses and private
residences, etc., and make parties in the morn-
ing. Best of patronage may be seen from the
JOURNAL of Dec. 24, 1882 dec34

House for Sale.
A house and lot on Second street is offered
for sale cheap for cash. House has five rooms,
lot 70x150. Good location and comfortable
home. Enquire at Journal office

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Of Reno, Nevada.

Paid in Capital, - - \$100,000
Surplus and Profits, - - \$35,000

D. A. BENDER, President
GEO. W. MAPES, Vice President
C. T. BENDER, Cashier
GEO. H. TAYLOR, Assistant Cashier

THIS BANK transacts a general banking
exchange, collection and fire insurance
agency business. Bills of exchange and bank
money orders for sale on the principal cities
in Europe

PRINCIPAL CORRESPONDENTS—American Ex-
change National Bank, New York, Continental
National Bank, Chicago, National Bank of D.
O. Mills & Co., Sacramento, Agency Bank of
California, Virginia City, Wells, Fargo & Co.,
Carson, Bank of California, San Francisco.
Telegraphic transfers made through the
above correspondents.

EVERYBODY!
Visiting San Francisco

CAN RETURN HOME WITH A PRESENT
that will not fail to please friend and that
is a

PORTRAIT
TAKEN INSTANTANEOUSLY BY



The World-wide Known Photographic Artist
8 Montgomery Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

PROPOSALS FOR SUPPLIES
Of the State Insane Asylum
at Reno, Nevada.

THE BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR
the care of the Insane of Nevada
will receive sealed proposals for furnishing
supplies to carry on the Insane Asylum at
Reno, Nevada, up to June 21st, 1886 for six
months from July 1st to December 31st, 1886.
All persons desiring to make proposals for
furnishing such supplies or any part thereof
will upon application to the Secretary of the
Board, at Carson City, Nevada, be furnished
with a full statement of all supplies required
and all necessary particulars pertaining there-
to. See 'B' d Com for Care of Insane

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.
THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE ex-
isting between Finniger & Queen, drug-
gists and apothecaries, has this day been dis-
solved by the sale of R. E. Queen's interest to
Wm. J. Fininger, who will pay all outstanding
debts owed by the firm, and is empowered to
collect all debts due the firm.
W. J. FININGER,
R. E. QUEEN

Reno, June 15 1886
Referring to the above, I desire to heartily
thank my many friends and the public gener-
ally, for their very liberal patronage in the
past, and to respectfully request a continuance
of the same to Mr. Fininger, whose thorough
knowledge and extensive experience especially
fit him to perform the responsible duties de-
volving upon the educated dispenser of medi-
cines. J. S. FININGER, R. E. QUEEN.

FOR SALE, AT A BARGAIN.
THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY, CORNER
of Sierra and Plaza streets, known as the
Stouffer Corner, also the lot on east side of
Virginia street, known as the 'Arcade' and
'Opera' saloons, with lots 18x140 feet, also five
houses and lots on Lincoln Avenue, houses all
rentable and rented, also on south side of
river, 1st at Court House, 2nd, one 70x275 feet
the other 50x275 feet also one fine dwelling
house, hand built, large lot, fine garden and
trees on Virginia street also on Third street
fine dwelling, 9 rooms, hand finished and has a
nice yard also 14 lots in Western Addition, be-
tween Sierra and West streets and between
Fifth and Sixth streets. All of the above prop-
erty will be sold at a bargain, and on easy
terms. For further particulars inquire of
G. W. JONES, Real Estate Agent,
Reno, Nevada. J. S.

DEPOT HOTEL,
AT THE DEPOT, - - Reno, Nev.
PARRY & FITZGERALD, Props.

PAINTER!
WILLIAM BURKE,
HOUSE, SIGN PAINTER
AND GRAINER.
Paper-Hanging and Decorating
Whitening and Wall-tinting a
Specialty.
I GUARANTEE ALL WORK DONE BY ME
Prices Lower than the Lowest.
Shop Virginia street, opposite Odd Fellows
Hall

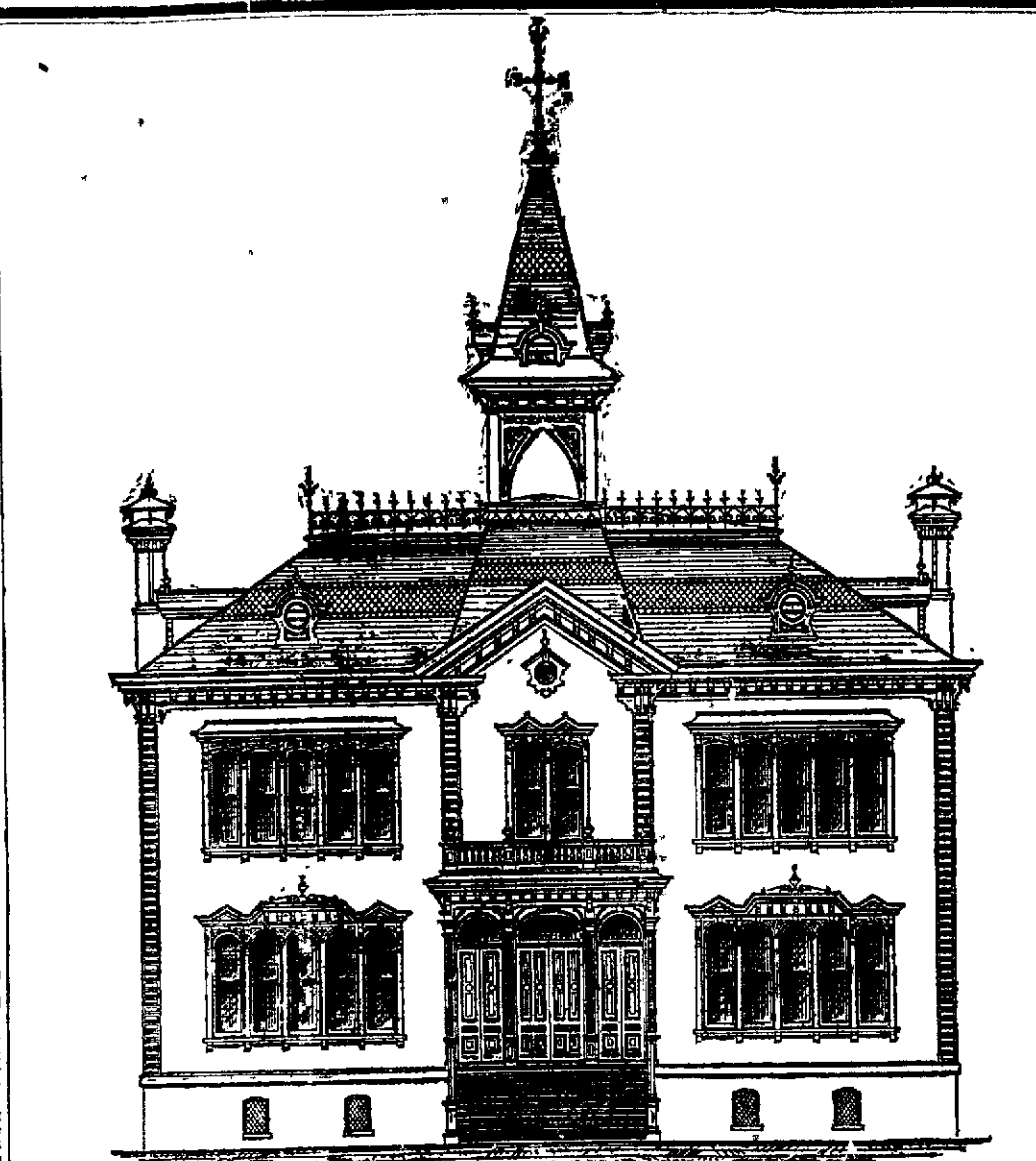
NOTICE.
THE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSION-
ers, acting as a Board of City Trustees
have directed me to prohibit all playing on
the principal streets in the town of Reno
Young men born and others who are or have
been in the habit of playing ball in the streets
are hereby notified that they will have to quit
the practice. The practice is very annoying to
the public being exceedingly dangerous, as a
ball in its way moment to strike a horse
and endanger the life and limb of people.
R. NASH, Constable

WEAK, NERVOUS PEOPLE
And others suffering
from nervous debility,
premature loss of
vitality, etc., cured by
Dr. Minte's Brain Cure.
Famous Dr. Minte's Brain Cure is a powerful
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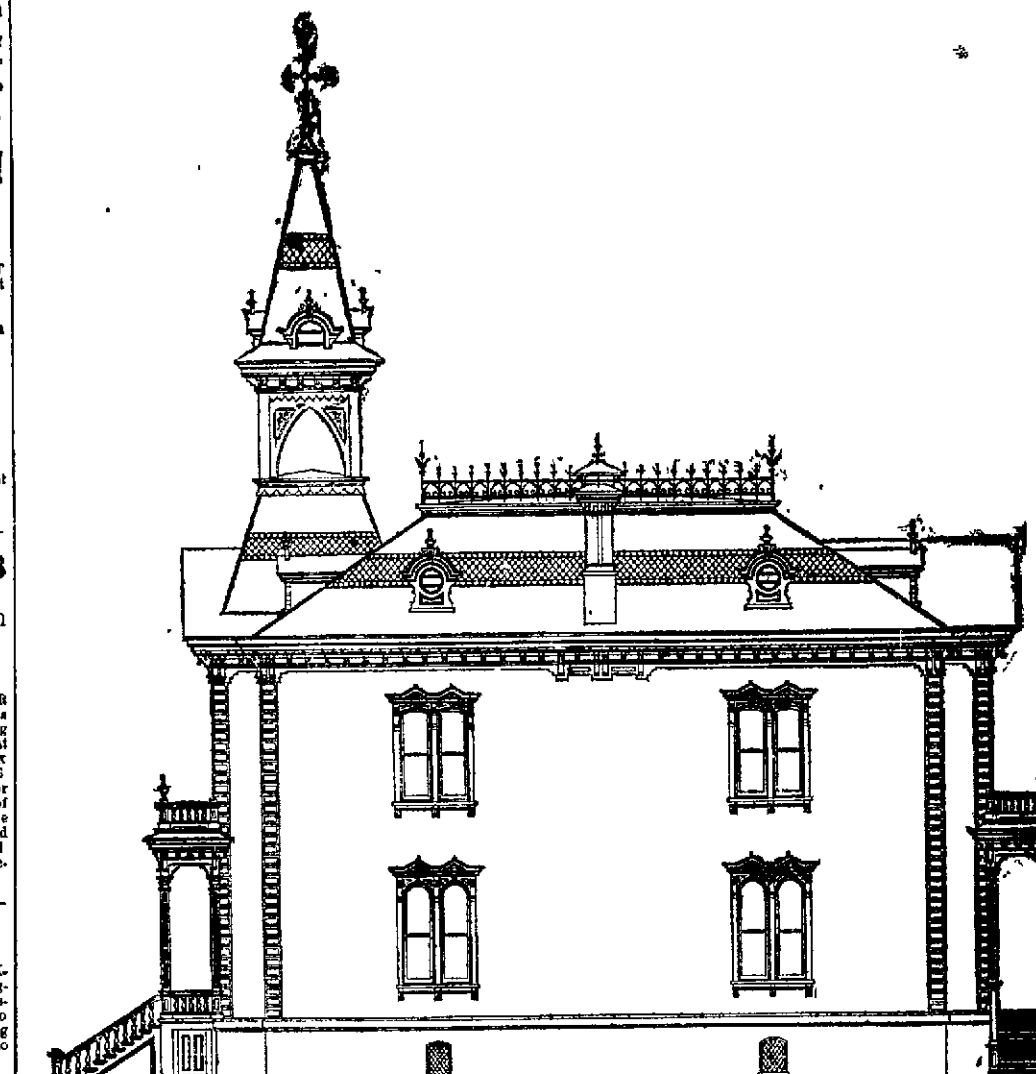
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J. S.

A GIFT
Send 10 cents postage and we will
mail you free a royal, valuable,
sample box of goods that will put
you in the way of making mor-
e money at once than anything else in America.
Both sexes of all ages can live at home and
work in spare time, or all the time. Capital
not required. We will start you. Immediate
pay sent for those who start at once.
STINSON & CO., Portland Me



RENO'S NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL—FRONT VIEW.



RENO'S NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL—SIDE VIEW.

SAN FRANCISCO SOAP COMPANY.

\$25.00 REWARD!

TO THE LADY RETURNING THE MOST WRAPPERS WITH THIS CUT-ON
to be paid December, 1886, and Sixteen Other Ladies will be rewarded with from
\$5 up to \$25, according to the number of Wrappers returned—the greatest number the
First Prize and so on.



RENO, NEVADA.

Our Savon is the Finest in the World for All
Purposes.

HENRY RUBE,
AT THE OLD MARKET,
Commercial Row, Reno.
Is selling Beef at 8 cents per pound, Hams at
15 cents, Bacon at 14 cents, Shoulders at 13
cents, and a whole hog, from 50 to 200 pounds,
at 7 cents
Everything Else in the Meat Line at This
Market.

NATHAN'S!
VIRGINIA STREET, RENO,
NEW GOODS
FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR
For the Spring and Summer of 1886,
In Every Department—Men's, Youths', Boys', and Children's.
A Magnificent Assortment of New Styles in Suits, Light-
weight Overcoats and Pantaloones,
At the Lowest Prices Possible!
Consistent with New Goods and First-class Work.

RUPTURE.
Positively cured in sixty
days by Dr. J. J. Quinn's
Electric Truss for Hernia
Guaranteed the only one
in the world generating a con-
stant Electric and Magnetic Cur-
rent. Scientific, Powerful, Durable,
Call in and try moment to strike a horse
and endanger the life and limb of people.
R. NASH, Constable

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R. NASH, Constable

MANNING & JAQUES.

A. H. MANNING, N. P. JAQUES;

MANNING & JAQUES,
—DEALERS IN—
HARDWARE, STOVES, RANGES
CROCKERY, TINWARE,
PUMPS, IRON AND LEAD PIPE, BUCKEYE AND
M'CORMACK MOWERS AND REAPERS,

Hollingsworth and 'Tiger' Baker, Wagons, Plows, and all kinds of Agriculture
implements, Barb Wire and Machine Extras always in stock
and at bedrock prices; also dealers in
Paints, Oils and Colors.

Plumbing, Steam and Gas Fitting and Metal Roofing
A SPECIALTY.

Our Tin and Copper Ware is of HOME MANUFACTURE of the Best Metals
and workmanship, much Superior to the Inferior Articles
on sale in other Stores and at as
Low Prices.

Prices Guaranteed as Low as Consistent with First-
Class Material and Work.

A. LEVY & BRO.

Our New Stock of

DRY
GOODS
CARPETS FANCY GOODS
—CONSTITUTES—

The Largest Assortment Ever Imported to This State and
We are Now Prepared to Suit Everybody.

We Will Encourage Home Trade
—BY OFFERING OUR GOODS STRICTLY AT—

SAN FRANCISCO PRICES

OUR PROPOSITION IS FAIR. Bring your cash to us instead of sending
it to other cities and we guarantee that you will save by it. All go ask of you is
to call and be your own judge.

F. LEVY & BRO.

W. O. H. MARTIN'S ADVERTISEMENT.

W. O. H. MARTIN,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Hardware, Groceries,
Provisions, Wines,
Liquors, Crockery,
Glassware, Paints, Oils,
—AND—
Agricultural Implements.

Agent of the EMPIRE MOWER for the State of Nevada
and Sierra, Lassen and Modoc counties, Cal.

PALACE HOTEL.

THE PALACE

—IS—

Reno's Leading Hotel.

IT HAS LIGHT, SUNNY ROOMS.

RESTAURANT ATTACHED FINE BILLIARD PARLOR.

EVERY ATTENTION PAID TO GUESTS. POLITE
and accommodating attendants in every department.
The house is first-class throughout, is open day
and night, and every attention shown travelers.
AL. WHITE.

JOHN SUNDERLAND'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Great Reductions
IN BOOTS AND SHOES.

I AM PREPARED to meet the wants of the com-
munity with a splendid assortment of new goods
suitable for the Spring and Summer demand and at
prices to suit the hard times

My stock of Boots and Shoes for men's, women's
and children's wear cannot be excelled for variety,
quality and low prices, and if you have any desire to
get your boots and shoes to suit you, and at the very
lowest drive you will do well to come and see me
Give me a trial at least before buying

JOHN SUNDERLAND,
BOOT AND SHOEBIST,
No. 29 Virginia St. Reno, Nev.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE